

## The Mission

by FailureIsEpic

Category: Halo

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-12-04 14:49:44

Updated: 2012-12-04 14:49:44

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:53:22

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 401

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Two SPARTANS go on a mission to raid a base's kitchen. Short little one-shot.

## The Mission

\_Just a little something I made in the span of about an hour.\_

\_Halo is owned by Microsoft. OC's belong to me.\_\_

><em>

\* \* \*

><p>A orange and black armored SPARTAN sneaked through the halls of a random UNSC base<em>, <em>almost as silent as a mouse. He clutched at his combat knife as he rounded a corner, and nearly jumped out of his skin when he heard a voice over his COMM.

\_"Remind me again how you managed to drag me into this?" \_A female voice asked. Jake-013 quickly recognized his younger sister's voice.

"Because I promised you a cupcake." He replied in mock seriousness. He spotted movement to his left, and quickly hid behind a small crate as a random marine walked by.

\_"... You make no sense, what so ever. You know that, right?"\_

"Yep." He replied as he got out from behind the crate, and headed towards the cafeteria. "You managed get in there yet?"

"\_About ten minutes ago."\_

"\_How close are you?"\_

"ETA, one minute."

"\_Rodger that."\_

\* \* \*

><p>Vanessa clicked off her COMM. She stood by the doorway, on the lookout for anyone that might discover her waiting in the cafeteria. While the room wasn't exactly off limits, she didn't exactly want anyone asking why she were sitting here in the middle of the night.<p>

She began to sit down, when some orange and black MOLNIR armor caught her eye. She stood straight as the person in the suit walked over to her.

"Took you long enough." She said.

"Would have been here faster, but apparently people find it fun to walk around this base at two am." Jake walked past his younger sister, and headed towards the kitchen. "You got the bags?"

"All twenty of them." She replied as she tossed him the box of trash bags.

He easily caught the box. "Nice. Now, help me raid the kitchen, and you can have your cupcake."

\* \* \*

><p>When the cooks went into the kitchen at 0500, they were shocked when it became apparent that the food had gone missing. The only thing left was a note attached to one lonely cupcake.<p>

\_Thanks for the food, man. I really appreciated it. So, here, have a cupcake.\_

\_013\_

A lot of hungry, tired, grumpy soldiers, medics, and cooks, went on a hunt for the two SPARTANS that had been staying at the base. Needless to say they never found them.

End  
file.